Were red hotte ſteele to ſeare me to the braine,
Annoynted let me with deadly poyſon,
And die, ere men can ſay, God ſaue the Queene.
Qu. Alas poore ſoule, I enuie not thy glory,
To feede my humor, wiſh thy ſelfe no harme.
Dut.Glo. No, when he that is my husband now,
Came to me as I followed Henries courſe,
When ſcarce the blood was well waſht from his hands,
Which iſſued from my other angel husband,
And that dead ſaint, which then I weeping followed,
O, when I ſay, I lookt on Richards face,
This was my wiſh, be thou quoth I accurſt,
For making me ſo yong, ſo old a widow.
And when thou wedſt, let ſorrow haunt thy bed,
And be thy wife, if any be ſo badde
As miſerable by the death of thee,
As thou haſt made me by my deare Lords death,
Loe, euen I can repeate this curſe againe,
Euen in ſo ſhort a ſpace, my womans heart
Croſly grew captiue to his hony words,
And prou'd the ſubiects of my owne ſoules curſe,
Which euer ſince hath kept my eyes from ſteepe,
For neuer yet, one houre in his bed,
Haue I enioyed the golden deaw of ſleepe,
But haue bene waked by his timerous dreames,
Beſides, he hates me for my father Warwicke,
And will ſhortly be rid of me.
Qu. Alas poore ſoule, I pittie thy complaints.
Dut.Glo. No more thē from my ſoule I mourne for yours.
Qu. Farewell, thou wofull welcomer of glorie.
Dut.Glo. A due poore ſoule, thou takſt thy leaue of it.
Du Yor. Go thou to Richmōd, & good fortune guide thee,
Go thou to Richard, and good Angels guard thee,
Go thou to ſanctuarie, good thoughts poſſeſſe thee,
I to my graue where peace and reſt lie with me,
Eightie olde yeares of ſorrow haue I ſeene,
And each houres ioy wrackt with a weeke of teene.

The

Line 2 let me be 4 the glory
15 so madde
1 thy glory — 18 Lo eare — 21 ſubjecte
27 And will no doubt ſhortly — 36 odd yeers —

The Trump

King. Stand a
Giue me thy han
Thus high by th
And thy aſſiſtan
But ſhall we wear
Or ſhall they laſt
Buc. Still liu
Kin.Ri. O Buc
To trie if thou be
Yong Edward liu
Buc. Say on n
King. Why Bu
Buc. Why ſo
King. Ha: am
Buc. True no
King. O bitte
That Edward ſtill
Coſen, thou wert
Shall I be plaine?
And I would haue
What ſaiſt thou?
Buc. Your Gr
King. Tut, tut
Say, haue I thy co
Buc. Giue me
Before I poſitiue
I will reſolue you
Cat. The King
King. I will co
And vnreſpectiue
That looke into
Boy, high reachi
Boy. Lord.
King. Knowſt

Line 4 th
Line penul
Line 15 reno